

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

[A periodical work appeared in London, in the year 1800, entitled the "British Magazine," only two volumes of which were published. In the first number of that work the Story of the Four Dervishes is commenced, with the following introductory remarks:—"This story was translated from a celebrated Persian work, entitled the *Chebar Dervish*, or Four Dervishes, by George Swinton, Esq. who communicated it for insertion in the "Oriental Collections;" but as the number of that work now in the press is too far advanced to admit of this tale with the original Persian, Major Ouseley, with consent of the ingenious translator, has transferred it for publication to the British Magazine. The original romance is quoted by Sir William Jones, in his "Discourse on Indian Musick;" and he there styles it "a beautiful tale, known by the title of The Four Dervishes, originally written in Persia, with great purity and elegance."—It is afterwards continued through nine successive numbers, which completes the first Dervish's account of himself, and a considerable part of the second's, when the story is discontinued, without any reason being assigned. This is all the editor possesses of it at present: he, however, hopes, by the time that this part is published, to obtain the conclusion. But even should he be disappointed, he conceives the reader will find much gratification in the perusal of so curious and rare a piece of eastern romance.]

Rep. Ed.

IN former times there lived a king called Azaud Bukht, who reigned over the kingdom of Greece, and dwelt in the city of Constantinople. His orders, founded upon justice and equity, were implicitly obeyed throughout all his dominions: so compassionate was his heart, that even if an ant were trodden upon, he would give

it wings from the pinions of the eagle; or if a thorn pricked the foot of any of his subjects, he would, with his own hand, apply a remedy.—On account of his piety, he was beloved and revered upon earth, and acceptable in the heavens.—He possessed immense treasures, and ruled over an hundred thousand cities; yet he never neglected his duties to God; but constantly prostrated himself before the palace of Him who standeth in need of nothing, and who is merciful to all his servants; and he prayed to be blessed with offspring who should inherit his throne and kingdom after him.—In this manner was his life spent forty years, when dressing himself one day, after morning prayers, he perceived some white hairs in his beard, which gave him great anguish and grief of heart; and he thus addressed himself: "Alas! alas! that you have spent your life to little purpose, that you have squandered your treasures, been prodigal of the blood of your soldiers, and have never taken repose for the salvation of your soul; when now these grey hairs, harbingers of death, bring the fatal sentence, written in legible characters, that to-morrow thy soul must quit its earthly mansion, and verify what is written in the Koran,—that every created being shall taste of death.—Alas! alas! a thousand times, that thou hast no children to inherit thy crown and kingdom; and that all thy possessions must pass into the hands of strangers.—Alas! that there can be no dependence on life; and that the smiles of fortune are so transitory."—From excess of grief he shut himself up in his chamber for three days; and was melted in the furnace of vexation, neglecting all the cares and duties of the government of his empire.

The ministers of state, and the nobles of the court, mourned his absence; and many of his subjects supposed him to be

dead.—At last the people, assembling together, went in a body to Rushen Rai, the prime vizier, who was the intimate friend of the king, a man of integrity, and whom, on account of his great age, the king honoured with the name of father, and they besought him to go into the royal presence, and learn the cause why the king had withdrawn himself. Whereupon Rushen Rai entered the king's chamber, and throwing himself at his feet, kissed the ground of submission, and spoke thus:—"O! king, mayest thou live a thousand years; may every year be a thousand months, every day a thousand hours; and may thy prosperity be everlasting." When the king, hearing these words, feebly raised his eyes, the vizier continued: "Why dost thou pour rose-water down thy cheek, and sprinkle glittering stars on thy heavenly countenance? a thousand eyes are drowned in tears for thy absence: say what grief hast thou, and what is the cause of thy affliction?" Azaud Bukht, the tears streaming down his cheeks, replied:—"Dear father, my affliction proceeds from this—that my life has been spent to no purpose, my treasure wasted, and the lives of my soldiers sacrificed to vain ambition: Having now obtained quiet possession of my kingdom, behold! Death overtakes me; no children have I to perpetuate my name: my kingdom will again fall into the hands of my enemies, and all my cares and solitudes for the establishment of my throne, shall have been in vain." Rushen Rai, hearing these words, and discovering the cause of the king's sorrow, strove to console him, and said,—"Oh! king, live for ever; these thoughts are the suggestions of Satan, and make you forgetful of the favours Heaven has bestowed upon you: ingratitude and unthankfulness become not a wise man; for when we think of the insta-

bility of human affairs, we ought not to mourn and vex ourselves for a few transitory days of trouble; but while life remains pass it in cheerfulness and contentment, and enjoy the moment as it flies. If offspring be your desire, address at midnight, and in the morning, the high throne of God, with an humble heart, and weeping eyes; employ the prayers of the people, and of the fakirs and holy men; distribute thine alms among the dervishes, and set the prisoners free; so that the Ruler of the world may have compassion upon thee, and light the lamp of thy life.—

“The nightingale thus sings in the morning from the top of the lofty cypress:

“When the garden glows with roses, let not the goblet be empty of wine.

“O! cup-bearer, delay not till to-morrow the pleasures of to-day:

“For nobody knows what to-morrow will produce.

“O! sire, request from God alone what your heart desireth; for He swayeth the sceptre of both worlds.”—

By this consolatory discourse, the king's troubled mind was quieted, and he enquired the state of his people. The vizier, kissing the ground, replied: That the nobles were employed in preserving the prosperity of the empire: but that their minds were sunk in affliction for the king's absence. Azaud Bukht then said, that if it should please Almighty God, he would, on the morrow, ascend the throne, and meet his nobles. Rushen Rai, hearing this, fell at the king's feet, saying, “Whilst the world remains, may your majesty remain in the world, and sit secure from the sport of fortune.” Then leaving the king's presence, he went to the nobles, and rejoiced their hearts with these glad tidings.—Azaud Bukht being sorry for what had passed, returned thanks to God for his mercies, and spent much time in reading and meditation.

One day he happened to read, “that if any one was afflicted with grief, and wishes to find consolation, he ought to go to a burying ground, read the chapter of the Koran for the repose of the dead, and say prayers for Mahommed and his posterity. By this his heart will be relieved, and after shedding some tears, his troubled mind will be quieted, and his soul comforted.—In like manner, if a man's heart be elated, and puffed up with worldly riches, let him wander among the tombs, and turn the eyes of reflection upon the works of God. Let his negligent heart consider, that the inhabitants of this place were once great and pow-

erful; had amassed, in this deceitful world, treasures of gold and silver; and were engaged in the pursuit of pleasure and dissipation, when, lo! the cup-bearer of death makes them drink the unexpected draught of dissolution, and sleep in the silent grave, torn from their friends and possessions, to moulder in the dust, the food of worms. By such reflections, his vain joy, and pride of heart, the cause of many misfortunes, will be humbled.”

Azaud Bukht was consoled with what he had read; but considered, that should he go to the church-yard in the day time, the hallowed ground would be disturbed by the attendants of royalty. Waiting, therefore, till night came on, he changed his apparel, and taking a purse of money with him, set out, alone, from his palace, and arriving at the place he destined to visit, he began to read the Koran for the repose of the dead. Whilst he was thus employed, he observed a lamp burning in the inside of a square sepulchre. Some helpless and unfriended stranger, thought he; or some dervish, retired from the busy noise of the world, has taken up his abode there. He approached nearer, and perceived four dervishes, in tattered garments, sitting with their backs against the four pillars of the sepulchre; their heads resting on their knees; immersed in the ocean of silence, and lost in the world of oblivion. The lamp, placed upon a stone in the middle, darting its feeble rays upon their pale and emaciated countenances, shewed they had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, and had long struggled under the pressure of adverse fate. It first occurred to the king to go up to them, and make an offer of his services, requesting the intercession of their pious prayers for the accomplishment of his desires. But reason suggested to him that wolves sometimes put on sheep's clothing, and that they might be evil spirits in dervish's apparel.

While this was passing in the king's mind, one of the dervishes happened to sneeze, which awakened the other three, they repeated the usual salutation, “God bless you,” and one of them arose and trimmed the lamp. Azaud Bukht, observing this, seated himself by the outside of the sepulchre, and listened attentively, to discover, by their conversation, who they were. Scarcely was he seated, ere one of them addressed the others in these words:

“Brothers, since we four unfortunate wanderers from our native country have accidentally met together to-night, and as we know not what new misfortunes the unre-

lenting hand of adversity may be preparing for to-morrow, let us pass the present time in relating our adventures to one another.” The others having agreed to this proposal, requested him to begin with his story, conditioning that he should maintain strict truth in his narration. This afflicted dervish, weeping bitterly upon the recollection of his misfortunes, thus began:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Anecdotalist, No. 3.

ORIENTALS.—CONTINUED.

THERE dwelt in the recesses of Tartary, a poet of great talents and genius, but so poor, so totally destitute of every kind of property, that he was frequently tempted to put an end to his miserable existence; but either from fear or philosophy, he resisted this temptation, by which, in truth, poets are seldom overcome. He had heard reports of Oglai Khan, a Chinese prince, whose fame extended to the foot of the great wall. The unfortunate Delah, (the poet's name) felt an invigorating hope revive in his breast. He set out, and traversed Tartary, determined to throw himself at the feet of the generous Oglai, and to request of him the gift of at least five hundred valiches, which sum he was indebted to a very importunate creditor. He arrived in China, and found means to gain access, though very meanly attired, to the good Oglai, who received him with kindness, listened to him with pleasure, and reposed in him confidence. Delah improved the advantages of his good fortune, and one day when he went to pay his court to the prince, the latter ordered his first minister to give a thousand valiches to the poet.

“A thousand valiches!” exclaimed the astonished minister, “your highness has not reflected on the greatness of the sum. A thousand valiches are as much as a thousand poets are worth; and with this money your highness might purchase all the poets that have ever been produced since the time of the great Confucius.”

“You are a very rigid man,” replied Oglai. “I know well what I ought to do, and what I can do. Do you not know in to what a sad situation fortune has thrown the ingenious Delah? Do you not know, that informed of my munificence, he has traversed an immense tract of country to repair to my court? And would you wish that I should send him back with merely the sum that he came to request, and which

he is indebted in his own country? How if he has nothing else, will he be able to travel, or how, when he has paid his debt, will he be able, without fear of indigence, to give himself up to the impulse of his genius."

"I believe Delah to be a very great man," said the minister; "but I know likewise, and without doubt your highness is not ignorant, that he is only a poet, and that abusing your kindness, he has had the insolence to write against me—yes, even against me, a most violent satire, only because he found I was of opinion not to give him the five hundred valiches he came to petition?"

At this observation Oglai Khan replied with anger, in a tone to make himself obeyed. "This is precisely the reason why I order you peremptorily to pay to Delah the thousand valiches which I have granted, and it is also my pleasure that you give him another thousand out of your own private purse, in order that when this honest man shall have returned to his own country, he may tell his countrymen that there exists on the earth, in the centre of China, a just prince, the friend of humanity and genius, who will not permit his ministers to limit his generosity by their private resentments."

A Derveish went to a miser, and wanted something of him—"If you consent to one proposal of mine," said the miser, "I will do whatever you require." The derveish asked him what it was. He replied, "Never ask me for any thing, and whatever else you request, I will perform."

A Person went to a scribe, and desired him to write a letter. The scribe told him he had a pain in his foot. "I don't want to send you to any place," replied the man, "that you should make such an excuse."—"Your observation is just," says the scribe, "but whenever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no other person can make it out."

A King and his son went a hunting, the weather being hot they put their fur cloaks on the back of a jester. The king smilingly said to the buffoon, "You have an ass load upon you." "Yes," answered the jester, "or rather the burden of two asses."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMEBODY said to a learned simpleton, "The Lord double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool that you are now."

From the British Magazine.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following discovery of remarkable properties of the number 9, I accidentally made more than twenty years since. I have shewn it to many friends and gentlemen conversant in figures, with a hope, if any latent use is covered under the varied revolutions of that number, that might be beneficial in matters of calculation, or in any application of figures, it might ultimately serve to some important purposes not at present conceived. It has hitherto, however, excited nothing but unproductive wonder at its singularity, in the limited communication I have hitherto made of it; the novelty of the discovery is allowed; and as it may, by being made public, be likely to induce more earnest attention from some abler adept in figures than I can pretend to be, without more preface, I beg leave to lay it before your numerous readers, and ingenious correspondents, and not without some expectation that it may attract their deliberate notice.

I am, Sir, &c.

V. GREEN.

London, Sept. 20, 1800.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 9 \\
 1 \\
 \hline
 9..9 \\
 2 \\
 \hline
 18..1+8=9 \\
 3 \\
 \hline
 27..2+7=9 \\
 4 \\
 \hline
 36..3+6=9 \\
 5 \\
 \hline
 45..4+5=9 \\
 6 \\
 \hline
 54..5+4=9 \\
 7 \\
 \hline
 63..6+3=9 \\
 8 \\
 \hline
 72..7+2=9 \\
 9 \\
 \hline
 81..8+1=9
 \end{array}$$

The component figures of the product, made by the multiplication of every digit into the number 9, when added together, make NINE.

The order of those component figures is

reversed, after the said number has been multiplied by 5.

The component figures of the amount of the multipliers (viz. 45), when added together, make NINE.

The amount of the several products, or multiples of 9 (viz. 405), when divided by 9, gives for a quotient, 45; that is $4+5=NINE$.

The amount of the first product (viz. 9), when added to the other products, whose respective component figures make 9, is 81, which is the square of NINE.

The said number 81, when added to the above mentioned amount of the several products, or multiples of 9 (viz. 405), makes 486; which, if divided by 9, gives for a quotient 54; that is $5+4=NINE$.

It is also observable, that the number of changes that may be rung on nine bells, is 362880, which figures, added together, makes 27; that is, $2+7=NINE$.

And the quotient of 362880, divided by 9, is 40320; that is $4+0+3+2+0=NINE$.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE

Ladies of Philadelphia.

ABOUT to address you, Ladies, upon a subject which materially concerns you, I feel a degree of diffidence not easily expressed. Yet as the subject demands attention, and as it has not been noticed by any other writer, I shall for a moment intrude myself upon your patience. Although I am actuated by pure and unsullied motives, yet I am well aware that I shall expose myself to your severest resentment and hatred. Be that as it may, from you, Ladies, I court no favours, and from you I expect none.—The heart-felt satisfaction of having fulfilled my duty, will be a sufficient recompence for my services.

It has recently become fashionable among many of the fashionable dames of this city, to make use of fictitious names on every frivolous occasion. Such conduct, in my opinion, calls for the most pointed animadversion. No sooner is a gentleman introduced into their company, than they dub him some fictitious name or other (no matter whether applicable or not) that they may talk about him in his presence, and snicker in their sleeve. This, Ladies, is extremely unjustifiable; whispering in company (you know) has always been imputed to ill-manners; surely therefore, whispering and snickering ought to be considered as

the summit of ill-manners in this illumined age.

I must confess I was but little acquainted with the object of whispering, until I heard a young lady, in company, exclaim in a transport of joy, "O how I do like to make use of *fictitious names*, for we may talk about people in their presence, and they be totally ignorant of it!" At these words I instantaneously felt my indignation fired, and I resolved not to "keep company" in future with girls who were guilty of such unjustifiable conduct. Though I was well convinced that these remarks had no allusion or reference to me, yet I conceived them to be insulting. Indeed it betrayed such a mental imbecility, and such a want of decorum, that it was truly disgusting to the man of taste; not only so, but it must eventually render the young lady unpopular, even amongst her most enthusiastic admirers.

Ladies, pause! consider that too many of you are guilty of the like misdemeanor, that too many of you are "dazzled by false brilliancy," and gratified by the most puerile and trivial pursuits; that to follow these examples is derogatory to the dignity of your sex, and that it is characteristic of little and frivolous minds. Remember, that "if you despise a fair and lasting fame, because you have done nothing that is worthy of honest praise, the name you endeavour to ridicule, shall be remembered when you will be forgot." Yes, Ladies, their names will be remembered, honoured and respected, but your's (even whilst they last) will be universally despised. By attempting to ridicule those who are superior to yourselves, you are only rendering yourselves more conspicuously contemptible. In reflecting upon these errors, it calls to my recollection the judicious remarks of a learned Englishman—"There are some women," says he, "who are eternally jealous that you do not pay them sufficient respect, and who, in consequence, assume an arrogance which would be insupportable even in an empress; whilst they might, by complacent smiles, not only render every one about them pleased and happy, but obtain their admiration and applause. The false dignity of such characters ruffles their tempers like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, or the feathers of a turkey-cock in wrath." That there are women of this description, is a fact that cannot be contested; and surely the most dissipated man must view them with indignation and disdain.

A few moments' reflection, Ladies, will convince you of the impropriety of the con-

duct of those to whom I have already alluded.

But there is another class among you whose conduct is still more reprehensible. I refer to those who are guilty of the ignominious practice of propagating fictions, in order to set friends at variance,—of breeding contentions, that they may be benefited by them,—of aspersing the characters of others, because they themselves are unworthy of "honest praise,"—of forging letters, and addressing them to lovers with a view to disturb their repose, merely because their "virtuous actions" commanded respect and esteem. I say the "false dignity of such characters not only ruffles their tempers like the quills of the fretful porcupine," but it renders them so conspicuously contemptible, that it is only possible they will ever have an opportunity of quitting the irksome state of celibacy. What can be more disgusting to the man of taste than to see a girl "over anxious" to enter into the "holy state of matrimony?" or what can more materially frustrate her interest with the male sex than to manifest a jealous disposition, or to delight in the destruction of the dearest of human enjoyments? By manifesting such a disposition, it defeats the very purpose which she has in view, and exhibits such egregious folly, that it diminishes her good qualities, and considerably lessens her in the esteem of all her relatives and acquaintances.

These remarks, Ladies, I hope will be sufficient to excite you to serious reflection, and induce you to pay, in future, a more scrupulous attention to the rules of politeness.

A YOUNG BACHELOR.

Process for rendering Leather more durable and less permeable to water.

TAR is well known to possess the property of preserving the rigging of ships from being injured by the damp, without impairing the pliancy of the ropes. All that is required with respect to the leather is to do to it what has been long and successfully practiced on cordage. But, to do it with more effect, let us not content ourselves with barely applying the tar on the exterior surface. It must be made to penetrate into the substance of the leather, and to fill all its pores. For that purpose, let the leather be well warmed, the flesh side being turned to the fire; and let a coat of warm tar be immediately laid on with a brush. That coat having dried in—which is soon done—the operation is repeat-

ed a second, a third, or even a fourth time, according to the thickness of the leather—that is to say, until the tar, laid on the flesh-side, has penetrated through to the grain.

A considerable addition will be made to the strength and duration of the leather, if, in giving it the last coat of tar, it be sprinkled over with iron filings. They become as it were incorporated with the leather, which thence acquires such solidity that the workman would be unable to sew it if too great a quantity of the filings were used.

Finally, to preserve the shoes impenetrable to moisture, it is well occasionally to rub the soles with hot tar. This operation is productive of the double advantage of preserving the feet from wet, and also of keeping them warm: for experience has proved that resins are not, except in a small degree, conductors of caloric.

ACCOUNT OF DEAD BODIES IN A HIGH STATE OF PRESERVATION.

OBERLIN, the professor, has published a short account of the two bodies found in such a high state of preservation in the small vault of the church of St. Thomas, Strassburgh, Germany; the body of the one is a male; the other is a female. The former was found with a covering of grey cloth, linen stockings, a vest buttoned, and shoes. He had on chamois gloves. His head, which rests on a silk pillow filled with scented herbs, is covered with a cap of silver stuff embroidered with lace. He has round his neck a ruff, as was the fashion of the 16th century.

His arms, which are painted at the head of his coffin, prove that he was one of the Counts of Nassau; perhaps Count Lewis, who died Canon of this Cathedral in 1542.

With respect to the young girl, she appears to have belonged to a house of great importance. She is clothed in a robe of green taffeta, ornamented with ribbands. She has on her head a crown of flowers. From her shoulders depend two chains, the rings of which, brass painted black, are covered with glass stars, white and black. A hand placed on her neck, enriched with a ruby, two precious crosses suspended to that hand, a gold ring in each hand, with the letters of the name of Jesus; all these circumstances induce a belief that the young girl was a religious. These two coffins appear to have been brought from some other place, and placed in this vault. As they are of wood, they did not tempt those sacrilegious wretches, who, in the time of terror, profaned so many tombs.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT:
A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONTINUED.)

ACT SECOND.—*Con.*

SCENE II.—*The same as Scene 1st, Act 1st, Time, Morning.*—William and Henry.

Henry. HERE we have been for a great while trespassing on this good man's hospitality; William, it shall be so no longer. I will endeavour to find my way out of this friendly vale. I will seek some habitation, and mix again with the world. But yet I cannot leave this place without regret; I feel interested in this hermit's fate. He bears, I think, a strong resemblance to some one with whom I have been acquainted.—Did you observe any resemblance?

William. I did, master; could I believe it, I should think he resembled your worthy father.

Henry. There sometimes exists a resemblance of features between strangers, this may be an instance, but it cannot be my father.

William. Why not, master?

Henry. I should certainly know him. Further, I told him our story, how we left Europe in search of my father; how we were cast away, and my sister perished in the deep.

William. And what did he say, Sir?

Henry. He was struck with my tale. It seemed to recall to his mind some mournful events; suddenly a flash of joy illumined his venerable face; he started wildly from his seat, and asked eagerly, "Have you a mother?" She has been dead many years, I replied. His countenance still brightening, he said, "Have you a sister?" You have forgotten, father, she perished in the storm which drove me to this friendly shore. Sorrow usurped the place of joy in his features; he sunk on his mossy seat, folded his arms mournfully on his breast, and resigned himself to sorrow, the cause of which I dreaded to enquire. After a long pause, he said, "You bear a strong resemblance to my son, who has long been in his grave; for a moment I thought the news of his death might have been false, but you brought a sister with you, and my daughter has long been dead; after my shipwreck, being made acquainted with the death of the remnant of my family, I sought this solitary vale, and here have dwelt a long time, far from a world

whose society is no longer grateful to me. The sight of you awakened the remembrance of my son, thinking he might possibly be living. Hope presented you as him, it once more cheered a bosom where it has long been a stranger; but I am once more doomed to suffer disappointment.

William. Then, Sir, he is not your father?

Henry. Alas! no! But William, we must away; and yet I know not how to part with this good old man. I told him this morning we must leave him; he seems unwilling, but it must be so; reflection has excited a probability of my sister's escape in my mind, and I am determined to search until I accomplish my object, or find it impossible.

William. That your sister has been saved, is not probable.

Henry. But possible,—we will see; but we must first bid this venerable hermit, perhaps an eternal adieu.—He is now approaching.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

"To the humble and pious Christian, who feels the pressure of distress, and seeks in Religion for that support and consolation which nothing else can bestow," this Essay cannot fail of proving highly acceptable.

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IT is a common observation, that in this world we stand more in need of comforts than of pleasures. Pain, sickness, losses, disappointments, sorrows of every kind, are sown so thick in the path of life, that those who have attempted to teach the way to be happy, have in general bestowed more attention on the means of supporting evil, than of seeking good;—nay, many have gone so far as to recommend insensibility as the most desirable state of mind, upon a supposition, that evil (or the appearance of evil) so far predominates, that the good in general, is not sufficient to counterbalance it, and that therefore, by lessening the sense of both, we should be gainers on the whole, and might purchase constant ease, and freedom from all anxiety, by giving up pleasures, which are always uncertain, and often lead to the severest sufferings: and this, taking all circumstances together, it has been thought would be a desirable change.

On the same principle, much serious advice has been bestowed on the young, the

gay, and the happy, to teach them—to be moderate in their pursuits and wishes, that they may avoid the pangs of disappointment in case they should not succeed;—to allay the pleasure they might receive from the enjoyment of every good they possess, by dwelling continually on the thought of its uncertainty;—to check the best affections of their hearts, in order to secure themselves from the pain they may afterwards occasion;—in short, to deprive themselves of the good they might enjoy, from a fear of the evil which may follow:—which is something like advising a man to keep his eyes constantly shut, as the most certain way to avoid the sight of any disagreeable object.

Those, on the other hand, who are in a state of affliction, are advised to moderate their grief, by considering that they knew beforehand the uncertainty of every good they possessed;—that nothing has befallen them but what is the common lot of mankind;—that the evil consists chiefly in the opinion they form of it;—that what is independent on themselves, cannot really touch them but by their own fault; and their concern cannot make things better than they are.

Many other considerations of the same kind are added, to which probably no person under the immediate influence of real affliction ever paid the least attention; and which, even if they are allowed their greatest force, could only silence complaints, and lead the mind into a state of insensibility, but could never produce the smallest degree of comfort or of happiness.

In order to determine whether this be really the way to pass through life with the greatest ease and satisfaction, it may not be useless to enquire in what state the mind of man would be, supposing it really to have attained that insensibility, both as to pain and pleasure, which has been represented as so desirable;—I speak of a mind possessed of its full powers and faculties, and capable of exerting them; for there may be some, who, from natural incapacity, or want of education, are really incapable of it, and can drudge on through life with scarce any feelings or apprehensions beyond the present moment:—But if these are supposed to be the happiest of mankind, then the end of the argument will be,

"In happiness the beast excels the man,

"The worm excels the beast, the clod the worm."

And it seems scarce possible to suppose any rational creature (not under the immediate influence of passion) to be really so far convinced of this, as to wish to exchange his situation in the scale of being with the beast or the clod.

If then we suppose the mind in full pos-

session of its powers, is it possible to suppose that the way to enjoy happiness, or even peace, is by preventing their exertion? If positive pain and pleasure are taken away, if all the objects proposed to it, make no impression, will the mind therefore be at ease? Far from it, surely. On the contrary, it will be torn in pieces by wishes which will have no object whereon to fix;—it will feel in itself powers and capacities for happiness: but finding nothing to make it happy, those very powers will make it miserable;—having no motive for action, no object to pursue, every rising day will present a blank, which it will be impossible to fill up with any thing that can give pleasure; and the wish of every morning will be, that the day were past, though there be no prospect that the next will produce any thing more satisfactory.

Could it be possible for any person really to have attained to such a state as this, instead of finding it a state of ease and satisfaction, we should see him weary of himself and all around him, unhappy with nothing to complain of, and without any hope of being ever otherwise, because he would have no determinate wish, in the accomplishment of which he could promise himself any enjoyment.

But, happily for mankind, a state like this is not to be attained by any thinking person; and those who place their notion of happiness in mere freedom from suffering, must be reduced to envy the happiness of the beasts of the field;—for it is not the happiness of man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diversity.

The following Anecdote of Governor WALL, was related by himself to a Gentleman, the evening before his execution.

IT is well known that the Governor resided in Tottenham Court Road, for some years, under the feigned name of Thompson, before he was discovered. It was found necessary, some time after he had entered upon the house he had taken, to repair and refit it. He consequently employed a painter in the neighbourhood, who had a boy, whose sickly appearance particularly attracted the notice of the Governor. One day, on entering the room where the boy was at work, in the absence of his master, he found him actually fainting. Wall took him into the air, procured a little brandy, and the boy soon revived. On the master's return, the Governor related

what had happened, and advised the master to put the boy to some other trade, as he thought it impossible he would long survive as a painter. To which his master replied, "Sir, I think exactly as you do; but what can I do, I am but a poor man, and this boy has not another friend in the world: his mother is dead, and his brother was whipped to death by that d—d rascal Governor Wall." This, he stated in his last moments, was the most severe blow he had ever received.

THE Ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to their cloathing as those of London. A lady of distinction there, having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "A Dress for Madame ——" It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *vine leaf*!

The following anecdote of Sir SIDNEY SMITH is related by a Gentleman who attended him in Egypt: At that important moment, when the French were driven from the walls of Acre, the Pacha, in the first paroxysm of joy and surprize, exclaimed, "Sir SIDNEY SMITH shall be King of Acre." That gallant officer, seizing the opportunity, claimed the fulfilment of his promise by requiring the reins of government for *one day only*. This request was granted, and Sir SIDNEY devoted that day to opening the prisons and liberating a number of unhappy victims of Turkish barbarity, who had long languished in those loathsome dungeons.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 14, 1803.

Appointments by the Board of Health.

JOSEPH WEATHERBY, superintendant of nuisances from the Northern Liberties.

WILLIAM ALLISON & ISAAC T. HOPPER, do. from the city.

WILLIAM RIDGEON, do. from the district of Southwark.

LITERARY FAIR.

THE Booksellers throughout the United States are informed, that the 3d meeting of the *American Company of Booksellers*, will be held on Monday, the 20th of June, in the city of New-York.

MATHEW CAREY, President.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

When'er the female mind shall equal prove
The aid of science, and its pleasures scan,
No longer shall it vauntingly be said,
Her's is inferior to the mind of man.

ON Friday last I had the very grateful pleasure of attending the examination at the *Young Ladies' Academy*, in this city; and on reflection, I feel it a duty I owe to the young ladies, as well as to their tutors, and the founders of the institution, to bear this public testimony. I was not less astonished than gratified at the proficiency the fair pupils had made in the various sciences, as well as in the more usual amusements of spelling, reading, writing, &c.—Who, after witnessing so much genius, and reflecting on the persevering industry that must necessarily have preceded such acquirements, will be hardy enough to deny the equality of the female intellect with that of the other sex. I think I dare challenge any seminary of learning in this city, or even in the United States, to produce a like number of boys, of the same ages, with superior mental acquirements. What a pleasing reflection must this afford to the patrons of a *Liberal Education*!

I would beg leave to suggest to Mr. NEAL, that a *Public Commencement*, could not but be very gratifying to the Citizens of Philadelphia.

ONE OF THE TRUSTEES.

THE weather, during the preceding week, has been unusually cold and boisterous for the season. On Saturday [7th inst.] morning last, there was ice, in and near this city, of the thickness of a dollar; and during the night of Saturday, and the morning of Sunday, there was a fall of snow, which did considerable damage to the vegetable world. The Lombardy Poplars, in the streets and gardens of this city, were generally injured—the weight of the snow which adhered to the leaves and branches, in some instances bore down the whole tree, and, in most others, it stripped them of their tops and principal branches. Many who slept in chambers contiguous to those trees, were awakened, by the cracking of the falling limbs, to behold the singular spectacle which they exhibited. We have conversed with several old inhabitants of Philadelphia on this subject, who agree in saying, that they have no recollection of snow in May, excepting the instance above mentioned, and another which occurred on the fourth of May, in the year 1771, or 1772, which destroyed the greater part of the early fruit.

[Pouls. Adv.]

New-Haven, May 9.

ON Sunday, the 8th inst. was witnessed in this vicinity, a phenomenon truly singular at this season—From about 6 A. M. to 1 in the Afternoon, it snowed without intermission; and the blossoms of the trees (which are now open) were rivalled in whiteness by the flakes from above.

[N. H. Visitor.]

INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

A method has been discovered and practised with success by Mr. Bertrand, at Metz, of extracting a spirit from potatoes. The process is as follows: Take 600lbs. of potatoes, and boil them in steam about three quarters of an hour till they will fall to pieces on being touched. The vessel in which they are boiled consist of a tub, somewhat inclined. In the lower part of it are two holes, one for the purpose of bringing in the steam produced in another vessel over a coal fire, and the other made to carry off occasionally the condensed water. After the potatoes are boiled, they are crushed and diluted with hot water, till they are of a liquid consistence; then add 25 lbs. of ground malt, and 2 quarts of wort; the mixture is to be stirred, covered with a cloth, and kept to the temperature of 150 of Reaumur, 660 nearly of Fahrenheit. After fermentation, and the exhalation of the carbonic acid, the matter sinks down, and is fit for distillation. By means of two stills this mass may be rectified in one day, and it will produce about 44 quarts of spirit. The residuum is good food for hogs.

AMONGST the new inventions of the French may be noticed, a machine made of copper, which, belt round the waist of a person, will support the body on the surface of the water, without any exertion of the person, and even whether he will or no; and a musical instrument, which they call *Anemocorde*, imitating the human voice to the greatest exactness.

INTELLIGENCE.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 29.

Yesterday about one o'clock, the body of Adam Waybell was found about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from this city, on the Southern road.—When it was discovered, it exhibited the most shocking spectacle that can possibly be conceived; it was stripped of all wearing apparel, and lying exposed in an old sand or coal pit;—the buzzards had picked almost all the flesh from the legs, thighs, &c. and the features were scarcely distinguishable, being turned quite black from the sun.—The Coroner summoned a jury, who went to hold an inquest on the remains. From every circumstance relative to the disappearance of the deceased, scarcely a doubt remains of his being robbed and murdered.—It is sincerely hoped

the perpetrators of such an atrocious act, will be speedily brought to condign punishment.

[From a late London Paper.]

A Letter from Middleburg, dated Feb. 18, has the following particulars:—The late wreck of a vessel off here called *De Vrienschap*, gave birth to a deed of courage and philanthropy to record. The wind and waves drove her nearer to the shore. Preparation had indeed been made to save the crew and cargo, but no one seemed to be inclined to enter on the work, till one Gerru Jauz Banker, master of a vessel which had been damaged, and John Meers, a freeman of Flushing, repaired to the strand, opposite the wrecked ship; and, as the only means of getting on board, these two men stripped themselves quite naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and swam between the pieces of ice, which obstructed their progress, till with great pains they got on board; where they beheld a most heart-piercing scene. The enormous proceedings of the preceding night, had filled the vessel with water, and constrained the people to seek their safety on the open deck, where they were momentarily in danger of being washed overboard by the waves and pieces of ice, which rolled over her sides. The captain, a little boy his son, and a sailor, overcome by cold and fatigue, were found lifeless, sitting pressed together by the mizen-mast, the unhappy father, as it were still pressing to his breast the clay-cold body of his child, where he had probably cherished him as long as his strength would permit. Three others, a mate, a pilot, and a sailor boy, lay in a pitiable state on the top of the cabin, where they would also shortly have breathed their last, but for the courage and humanity of their deliverers, who fastening two of them on their backs, swam to the shore, and returned for the third, all of whom were by proper applications, restored to the use of their faculties."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jane-way, Mr. Benjamin Roberts, to Miss Eliza Hill, both of this city.

—, on the 2d inst. Mr. James Wainwrights, of Baltimore, to Miss Rachael Carpenter Ellet, of this city.

—, same day, by the Rev. Mr. Collin, Mr. James Sbedaker, to Miss Mary Dow, both of this city.

—, same day, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Lewis Burdock, Painter, to the amiable Miss Jane Haywith, both of this city.

—, at Friends' Meeting-house, Pine-street, on the 4th inst. Mr. Joseph Horwell, to Miss Sarah Ritchie, both of this city.

—, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. Charles Young, to Miss Margaret Stroup, both of this city.

—, same day, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. James Wood, to Miss Kitty Ubler, of the Northern Liberties.

—, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Daniel Smith, to Miss Ann Fleming, both of this city.

—, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Peter Foulke, to Mrs. Susan Owen, both of this city.

—, same day, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. John Read, of this city, to Miss Mary Breish, of the Northern Liberties.

—, same day, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Dyer, of Germantown, late of England, to Miss Sarah Crook, of Philadelphia.

—, at Princeton, John M. Pintard, esq. late Consul of the United States at Madeira, to Miss Eliza Smith, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Smith, President of N. Jersey College.

—, by the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Dr. John L. Stratton, of Mountholly, to Miss Ann Stratton, daughter of Dr. James Stratton, of Swedesborough, New Jersey.

—, at Wexford, (N. Y.) on the 19th ult. Mr. Prater Gander, to Miss Susannah Goose.

With joy the groom beholds his favorite Goose.

Fast bound and pinion'd in the nuptial noose,

Piesaging fondly from so fair a mate,

A brood of goslings, cackling in debate.

Deaths.

DIED, at Detroit, Del. on the 11th ult. John F. Hamtramck, esq. Colonel in the First Regiment in the Army of the United States. He was a native of Canada, joined the American army in 1775, and continued in that service nearly 27 years—as a disciplinarian he was exemplary—as a gentleman and an officer highly respectable. Having merited the approbation of General Washington, he received from him the most honourable testimonials.

—, on the 6th inst. after a tedious and painful illness, Mr. Henry Mitchell, merchant, of this city.

—, on the 9th inst. Gen. Stephens Thompson Mason, one of the Senators representing the state of Virginia, in the Congress of the United States.

—, same day, Dr. John Sparhawk, aged 72, a native of Massachusetts, but has resided in this city upwards of forty years.

—, in England, Mr. David Steel, aged 40, Nautical Bookseller, and editor of what is generally called "Steel's Naval List." He was a man endowed with a respectable share of classical knowledge, and gifted with brilliant talents.... Also, Thomas Cadell, esq. Alderman of the city of London; one of the most eminent booksellers in Great Britain.

—, in Berlin, (Prussia) M. le Chanoine Gleim, one of the oldest German Poets, aged 84.—During the seven years war, he chaunted the victories and exploits of Frederick the Great, under the name of the French Grenadier.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Contemplator, No. 5," came too late for insertion in this day's Repository—Philadelphia would oblige the editor by sending his communications early in the week. More punctually is also due from "Sam Scribler."

The Poetry by a Young Lady, which was read at a late examination of the pupils in the Young Ladies' Academy, under the tuition of Mr. Neal, is unavoidably postponed this week, but shall appear in our next.

"Rural Solitude," and Verses to Morning, are under consideration.

FAIR LAURA, an admired song, set to music by Mr. R. TAYLOR, will accompany the next No. of the Repository.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On the Death of a favorite Puppy, named
AZOR, belonging to Miss ———.

Tune—"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," &c.

TO sweet Azor's untimely Tomb
Lap-dogs and Ladies shall resort,
To weep my fav'rites early doom,
And mourn that canine life's so short.

No ugly house maid e'er shall dare,
To sweep with brooms this hallow'd ground :
But Spaniels roam devoid of care,
And mourning Mastiffs howl around.

No Carrion Crow shall here be seen,
No Bustards lead their rav'ning crew :
But female Puppies haunt the green,
And mourn in tender plaints for you.

Serena oft at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly bring each village maid,
Their tears shall fall in endless show'r,
To wet the ground where thou art laid.

Of Beaux and Belles, when all the train
In tender words their passion tell,
From Tears I hardly can refrain,
For all my thoughts on thee must dwell.

At night when on my bed I lie,
My frequent dreams shall thee restore :
Waking continually, I'll cry,
Alas ! unhappy, dead Azor !

CHARADE.

MY first is us'd to express derision well,
My second is a feather'd animal ;
My whole, in fact, is but a bird whose song
Surpasses all Columbia's warbling throng.

RELAXATION.

SELECTIONS

Communicated for the Repository.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

By Hughes.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay :
When God, with pleasure all his works survey'd,
And virgin Innocence before him play'd :
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The Muse, by Heav'n inspir'd, began to sing :
Descending Angels in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
The Muses' loss, since Eden was no more.

When Vice from Hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astraea, fled,
And sought protection in her native sky :
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell ;
And hence, the chief, who led the chosen race
Thro' parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise :
She gave the rapt'rous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera ;
She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire.

A CONTEMPLATION.

By Langborne.

O NATURE ! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Dutious, I bend before thy holy shrine :
To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.

Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast ;
And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray :

I ask no more ! for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to Genius, Fancy, and to Love !

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING.

By Warton.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity :
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

On a present of three Roses from Ianthe.

THREE Roses to her humble slave,
The Mistress of the Graces gave :
Three Roses of an eastern hue,
Sweet smelling of ambrosial dew.

How each, with glowing pride displays
The riches of its circling rays !
How all, in sweet abundance shed
Perfumes that might revive the dead !
Now tell me, fair one, if you know,
Whence these balmy spirits flow ?

Whence springs this modest blush of light,
Which charms at once and pains the sight ?
The fair one knew, but would not say ;
So blush'd and smiling went her way.

Impatient, next the Muse I call :
She comes, and thus would answer all—
" Fool, (and I sure deserv'd the name)
" Mark well the beauties of the dame,

" And can you wonder why so fair,
" And why so sweet the Roses are ?
" Her cheek with living purple glows,
" Which blush'd its rays on every rose ;
" Her breath exhal'd a sweeter smell
" Than fragrant fields of asphodel ;
" The sparkling spirit in her eyes
" A kindlier influence supplies,
" Than genial suns and summer skies ;
" Now can you wonder why so fair,
" And why so sweet the Roses are ?"

" Hold, tuneful trifle !" I reply'd,
The beauteous cause I now describ'd—
" Hold, talk no more of summer skies,
" Of genial suns, and splendid lies ;
" Of fragrant fields of asphodel,
" And brightest rays and sweetest smell ;
" Whatever poetry can paint,
" Or Muse can utter—all is faint :
" Two words had better all express ;
" She took the Roses from....her breast."

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

The following, I presume to be the literal Translation of
the beautiful Ode in last week's Repository.

(The Key to the Translation) ne you siar
it as r oenya

CLONOGA.

ODE.*

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature ! cease thy strife !
Let me languish into Life.

Hark ! they whisper : Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory !
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

NOTE BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

* This Ode was written by Pope, in imitation of the famous sonnet of HADRIAN to his departing soul.

() Translations have also been received from
" Delia," and " Philo-conjuror."

* * Subscriptions for this Paper received at
the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price
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in advance—Subscribers at a distance either
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